
Title: =Troubling-Observations=

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Good Evening Sosarians,

It has been some
time since we have
spoken dear countrymen.
I
do hope this scripture
finds you in good health
and free from oppression.
Me? Why how pleasant of
you to ask. I fare as
well as any other could in
these turbulent times in
which we live, but within
this most auspicious work
of literature permit me
then in lieu of the more
commonplace sobriquet, to
suggest the character of
this *dramatis persona*.
Tonight I come before you
to speak of the recent
influx of the "Vampiric
Kindred", for the sake of
reference we shall refer
to them as "Hemophiles".
Before we begin, allow
me to rekindle a joke I
was once told ;

"Man goes to doctor.
Says he's depressed. Says
life seems harsh and
cruel. Says he feels all
alone in a threatening
world where what lies
ahead is vague and
uncertain. Doctor says
"Treatment is simple.
Great clown Pagliacci is
in town tonight. Go and
see him. That should pick
you up." Man bursts into
tears. Says "But Doctor...
I am Pagliacci."

I have began this work
with that small work of
humor because the
"Hemophiles" have become
jaded with existence,
Hypocritic, and lethargic.
I do sincerely apologize to
disgrace any kindred of
the night with this, the
most livid of undead that
I have encountered have
been rather interesting.
The beings I refer to
currently inhabit Minoc,
and a small sect resides
within the walls of the
defiled city of Luna.
There are three basic
tenents that I have
encountered that have
spurred me to publicize.
First, the flaunt of their
wealth and power.
Second, their constant
reference to the majority
of other flavors of
sentient beings being
"inferior".
And Finally, the recent
request for "Vampire
Rights".
I shall begin with the
wealth. I have witnessed
more then one of their
ranks, or atleast
associates, sauntering
about Luna with all the
the baubles pilfered from
all manner of creature
about our realm.
Deviations slaying the
natural order only to
raise their quote
"superiority" as a race.
End Quote. How they sit
within their ivory tower
and scoff down into the
mud, and yet they
descend their thrones of
brilliance and herculian
might to squavel and
disrupt our synods! How
they come down from the
jewel inlaiden monistaries

to drink our wine and
kidnap our countrymen!
This leads directly into
my next point of
"superiority". How they
scoff at our ways! How
they insult us and cast a
dissapproving eye towards
us! Hypocrisy! Are they
so lonely in the pantheon
of excellence that they
must come run about
with the cattle! Is post
Mortem Biocentric
Corporality so bland and
boring! Heavy weights of
external youth doth rest
like a crown of thorn on
our superior's brows! And
Heavy brows at that!
Look at the opression
they withstand in their
Soverign lands! Look at
their opressors and you
will see what I
see...Noone. They live in
free lands and expect
rights in the lands that
they pillage and defile for
an evening meal! Why ask
for rights in a land you
do not live in or are
ruled by unless you are
indeed so tired of
existing that you must
trouble others to pass
the inconsequential setting
sun! I propose that if
these beings truly do sigh
and whimper in the face
of apathy that we
release them to a better
life! Call it act of
kindness or Compassion as
the Imortal Eight proclaim
it. They are leech! They
are PARASITES! A
barnacle clung to the
underbelly of society, but
with each suckle they rob
us of our comrades! The
only audible sound their
self-praises and the
endless salvo of inferior
citation! I propose we
cast off these leechers!
There was a time I recall
when our "beloved" Regent

slit the throats of elves
in the streets! I cannot
condone such nonsense as
worth-while behavior. I will
be the last man to agree
with the Humanis actions,
but why spill the blood of
innocent beings when a
race of bloodthirsty
warmongering ghouls rot
your soecociety at the
core! Why spill the blood
of elves? Let the blood
of the hemophiles feel
the cool metalic fate!
This is a request, nay,
this is a POLITICAL
CALL TO ACTION. Take
action against these
fiends before your
servents become servents
of the night! Before your
Sosorian born Brothers
are beating at your doors
and windows! Before we
must burn our children
and house hold pet to
spare them the eternal
ennui! In the footsteps of
agreater author than I, I
have anticipated the
debate. I am aware that
only a child vampire may
feed on animal, I am also
aware that the teneants
of vampire law speak
against the
transformation of
children. But in the eyes
of greater hemophiles
that I spoke to during
the time of this
composition, these beings
are but children, whining
and suckling at anything
they misconstrue as a
teet! I am also aware of
their arrest of Adrien
Garnier some time ago,
they have attempted to
impose rule apon the
people of Britania and
therefore have been
deemed oppressive war
mongerers! Adiue, and
Sossoria Prevails!*below
sits a strange seal,
saddly, because of the

mass produced nature it
is unreadable at this
time*

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